UNIVERSITY MONDAY.

NOTES FOR A STUDY OF ALFRED TENNYSON BY A STUDENT.

Alfred Tennyson is more deserving of careful and critical study than any living English writer. Of English poets, in all ages, the greatest have been poets of the poetic spirit. Among English poets Tennyson occupies an undoubted place in the front rank. He has won his rank by forty-five years of exclusive devotion to the poetic art. He is in a large measure a representative of the poetic spirit of modern civilization and still more of the poetic spirit of the English people during the past half century. His style is markedly individual, and the stages of his growth are to be traced in the successive issues of his poems from 1830 to 1875. Thus it may be seen that to offer either an analytical study of Tennyson’s poems or to measure him as a poet by comparing him with others would require a good sized volume. Hence it is that we offer only a few notes for a study of Tennyson.

We shall be content if any of our readers will help either the student, or a casual reader, to a higher appreciation or a better understanding of the noblest poet of our time.

1. All popular writers are in some measure representative. They must embody the thoughts of their day in order to secure that sympathy which all popularity depends on. On the other hand, every great writer, and especially every great poet, must be the apostle of new thoughts, and the measure of his greatness will depend on his character of the thoughts which he teaches and the success with which he acquires their acceptance and makes himself popular as his exponent.

Alfred Tennyson began his career as a poet in 1830, three years after the appearance of Kebbel and Christian’s “Year,” a period marking a turning in the table of English thought, when there arose a reaction against that high-pressure style of poetry which Byron had created. Tennyson was at this time an undergraduate in Trinity College, Cambridge, and scarcely of age. It is not probable therefore that he set himself consciously to work to form a new style, or to give expression to new views of life, but he could not have helped being deeply imbued with the spirit then so prevalent in his University, and which soon became common among a large part of the most refined of English people. This spirit may be best described by a few illustrations drawn from poems of a late date:

“We sleep and wake, we sleep and wake, all things move;
The stars shine forward to his brother sun;
The dark earth follows in her orbit’s line;
And human things returning on themselves,
Move onward, leading up the golden year.”

“The Golden Year.”

“Yet I do not think she ever recognized the purpose of life.
The thoughts of men are mingled with the purpose of the sun.”

Locke Hall.

I held it true, with him who sitteth on the cloud.
To one ear hear in diverse voices;
That many may rise on stepping stones.
Or their dead souls in other lives.

“In Memoriam.”

This unswerving faith in the ultimate good, foster and justifies that abstraction from active participation in the affairs of public life which characterizes so large a portion of the most refined and cultivated of English men.

2. Men are represented by the poets as in motion or at rest; as doing or as being; as subjects or as masters of the circumstances of life, according as each poet is of a contemplative or active turn of mind. Tennyson belonged, by nature, to the contemplative, to him revenge was the reward of all labor, and action a mark of strife. He was reared, too, in that aesthetic school in which all violent action, all rash and rear, all avoidable action, was condemned as ill-articulate. Here we find all of his poems depicting either still life or life subdued by some reft's force into a seeming calm. His earlier poems are nothing more than poetic pictures, or rather rhymed descriptions of pictures. This was necessarily so at his age, since then he could have known either men or nature only through books and art. He therefore wrote as he describes the Lady of Shallot:

And moving shyly a mirror clear
That hung before her all the year.

Shrouded by the windows of the world above.

Nevertheless this practice has remained with our poet up to this good time, yet none too much.

3. Every great poet inherits the work of his predecessors, and is bound to make all the use of them in his power, just as every man of science is bound to know what work others have done before he is prepared to pass on to new work. The earliest volume of Tennyson there is ample evidence of a close study of Shakespeare and a familiarity with Shelley and other of the modern English poets. But it is not to be understood that he made any improper use of them, either by imitating or plagiarizing. And his very last work, Queen Mary, is full of the language of Shakespeare. In the first volume, “Marian,” was confessedly suggested by Shakespeare, and it is quite as clear, if not confessed, that the two Ola songs had a like origin. At this early day, he had acquired no little skill in crystallizing a thought into a word, or a phrase, and in making his whole style inimitable. He was also able to find the germ of that minute truthfulness to everyday detail of a landscape which marks all of his later works and makes them resemble pictures by Turner.

4. In the first volume, all of the poems are rhymed. In his later date he has, almost abandoned the use of rhyme, except for songs, and confined himself to blank verse in which he has created a style as markedly individual and characteristic as is that of Shakespeare, or of Milton. This preference for blank verse is, however, not due to his lack of the knack of rhyming. On the contrary, in the writings of no poet there can be found so much eagerness to use as many rhymed measures, and “In Memoriam,” one of his longest poems, is written in a rhyme that will always hereafter be associated with his name, although he did not originate it. Taken altogether, as a master of style, Tennyson has no equal in the English language and Shakespeare alone approaches him. And this high praise holds true whether reference be had to the fitness of the words to the thoughts, the exquisite harmony of the rhythm, the accuracy of the metre, or the truth of the rhyme.

5. Of the poems in the first volume, more than half are addressed to, or descriptive of, women. Of these, his first, to his last woman is the theme of his sweetest lays, and, to his highest praise be it said, in all his works there is to be found no one more pure thought. It is therefore eminently proper that he should be laureate to England’s most, noblest Queen, and that the whole nation of English people can match him for the number, and only Tennyson for nobleness and beauty of his portraits of women.

In each particular that we have named, the student will find rich food for reflection and profitable study from the earliest to the latest of his poems. We turn now to a brief noting of some of the best of his works, and only to attempt. We shall find that one of the chief characteristics to a brief review of Tennyson is the great variety, both of style and substance which his poems take.

Of the poems published in 1830, “Marina” was the only one that we could ever hazardly admire, though many of the others are exquisitely exquisitely, full of music and read in beautiful phrases, but beyond this there is nothing in them.

In the next volume, published in 1833, there were altogether twenty poems, and the following named, in which we may learn something about Tennyson’s style as a whole writer:

“The Lady of Shalott,” “Marianas in the South,”
“Eleanora,” “The Miller’s Daughter,” “Orontes,”
“The Prince of Arts,” “The May Queen,” “The Lotus Eaters,”
“The Death of the Old Year.”

No two of these are in the same style or bear any resemblance to each other, save that they are all pervaded by that spirit of quietism, of contemplation, as distinct from action, yet they have each and all long since come to be established favorites with the public, “The Miller’s Daughter” and “The May Queen,” especially; and well they should, for in all our language there are no two more exquisite, more charming rhymins. In the first a happy old man recounts the story of his happy life in a tone of spirit of golden calm and perfect contentment. The second is divided into three parts. In the first, “The May Queen,” a beautiful and inconstant young girl asks her mother to wake and call her early for she is to be Queen of the May, and to morrow is to be the merriest, maddest day of all the year, because she is to be Queen of the May. In the second part, “The New Year,” she again asks to be called early that she may see the sun rise on the first day of the last year of her life. She now only longs to see the snowdrops bloom before she dies. In the third part, “The Commoners’ Evening,” she relates her experiences to her mother and is content to die since she has seen not the snowdrops only, but the violet bloom. The whole poem, for the three parts are but beginning middle and end of one poem, is full of exquisite pathos and tenderness. It paints in its most softened form the medieval notion of death as the deliverer. We can not help but think that any poem by another writer with which to compare it, because it is so unlike the many beautiful pictures of the death of a young girl which come to us. But we would advise the comparing of the “Miller’s Daughter” with Burns’ “John Anderson,” for though the speakers are in different human spheres, they are in the same tale the same story of a happy love and contented life.

The “Lotus Eaters” is the highest type of our author’s youthful style, and was his last work in perfectly still life. It was well to compare it with Shelley’s “Sensitive Plant,” though they can better be contrasted than compared. In all the poems up to this time there had neither been no passion, no feeling even, or it has been the passion of the marble statue, or the feeling of the motionless picture.

In the volume of 1842, the next in the series, we get the results of ten years’ growth, in a number of poems which still rank among the best that our author has written. There has been in the decade growth in strength and vigor, but the fruit comes of the same tree. We no longer meet the trickeries, not to say trivialities of alliteration and reiteration in rhyme and echo that marked, if they did not mar, many of the earlier poems, but the new styles and the new tones are the less Tennysonian. The pictorial sense predominates throughout. Among these poems are:

“Morte d’Arthur,” “Locke Hall,” “The Gardener’s Daughter,”
“Dora,” “Walking to the Mail,” “Love and Duty,” “The Two Velvets,” and “The Vision of Sin.”

The first presents a new feature, which has been much used by our poet, in which the

(Continued on page 7)
The story of his bitter life, frequently, most frequently, from the pen of an enemy and detractor, we should remember that "genius is capricious," that "eory leves a shining mark," and that it "is divine to forgive and forget" a fault. And as Americans we should love and cherish the memory of him, who has conferred so much honor and glory upon our literature, and who so handsomely and kindly welcomed him.

LITERARY SOCIETIES IN COLLEGES, AND THEIR RELATION TO THE REGULAR COLLEGE CURRICULUM.

The Literary Society affords to the student a source of culture nowhere else to be found, and so every reflecting mind will readily occur that it is as useful and important as it is unique. It is in the debasing society that the student is first made aware of his own powers and weaknesses. It is there that he must stand up before his fellow students, under the eye of a critic and think, at the same time giving intelligible expression to his thoughts. It is there he is trained to adapt and accommodate himself, like an export factor, to any climate in which he may find himself. He is taught to exercise a quick understanding and a ready judgment. It is there he is taught to handle, utilize, and convert into wisdom the knowledge which he has gained in the recitation and lecture rooms. It is there that views are interchanged, knowledge is diffused, thought is stimulated, and character is formed.

The society is the organized force of the school, the internal friction of mind against mind that creates a combustion which alone can destroy false notions, eliminate the truth from the dross, and kindle and inspire the most brilliant conceptions that illuminate the whole circle of our literature. So being the ability and influence of Literary Societies in colleges, it is exceedingly strange that they should receive such little attention from the diversors, and professors of our colleges. No one is competed to attend the Society. No record is kept by the college to show the ability and promptness with which its duties have been performed. Hence the student who is devoted to his Society, gote no credit at all for what he does there, although he is doing more for the future reputation of the college than any other class of students. It is easy to see that, so long as there are no present incentives to influence students to take part in the exercises of the Society, a large number of them will take as part whatever is done, devoting their time exclusively to preparation for recreation, in order that they may secure the highest grade of scholarship. The professor always gives as long lessons as he thinks can possibly be mastered by the best in the class, and it is very evident that the student who protects his classes by the Literary Society, and spends at least one night in each week in its hall, can not prepare as long lessons as the student who spends his whole time on his books. People are too apt to use the so-called "best in the class" as a standard by which to judge all the rest, taking no pains to discover the rich quality, the men which are often embellished with the Sons of the Society. It is therefore that the latter is being neglected by his rank in the class, very often has his abilities and attainments undervalued.

The student again is goaded on by present incitements to spend all his time in preparation for recitation, oppresses his mind with a benighted monotony, and wards off all the healthy desire to sustain and nourish a healthy and vigorous intellect.

Such being the case, it would be far more profitable and equitable to have a professor attend every meeting of college societies, offer such suggestions as he may deem proper, and grade every member according to his merit. Thus, to every student might be given credit for all he does, without drawing from him that coarse which he likes most, and which, in any probability, he must lose to him in after life.

D. S. S.
CORRESPONDENCE.

VALLEY VIEW, East Tenn., Oct. 18, 1874.

DEAR EDITOR—Sitting to-day at my library window, gazing upon the noble river, the valley dotted in all the beauty of autumn, the hill musical with the rattling of the falling Acer and chestnut, and the mountain in the distance shrouded in the sombre bine of this mid-October weather, I have become impressed, as never before, with the beauty, the dignity and the grandeur of life in the country. And as I looked, I thought black in my mind, I have concluded to write you a few thoughts upon Agriculture—yes, life, the country—and it may be, a few suggestions in regard to your noble University.

Somewhere in my desultory reading I have met with the following passage, which I have called and dropped into my scrap drawer, and which I offer no apology for quoting at length, but its beauty and elegance, truth and reason. Here is the passage:

"My country is my mother, my home. In her bosom I was born, in her arms I was nurtured, in her bosom I was educated, in her bosom I was formed, and it is to her I owe the blessings of life, the comforts of home, the enjoyments of society, and the privileges of education. I am therefore bound to her with gratitude and affection, and I am resolved to do all in my power to promote her welfare and happiness."

In the first setting of a new country, the rich lands are first occupied; and since they are so produc- tive that little labor is needed to produce bountiful supplies, men take but little thought of the future and settle down into an indolent state, accepting into their code of ethics the poetical sentiment, "God will take care of the harvest." Now, this indolence, arising from the fertility of the soil in a new country, and this system of ethics are the parents of all the ignorance, grossness and gross ignorance of that region. But our country is growing older and less fertile, and our people are growing wiser. The cultivators of the soil—the sovereign people—are awakening from the lethargy which follows in the immediate footsteps of a pioneer age, and are beginning to appreciate the importance, the rights and the duties of their calling. When the last of the long-continued agricultural experiments, and especially agricultural schools, are doing much to disseminate advanced ideas and to establish a more profitable era of activity among the cultivators of the soil, Knowledge and wisdom are marching towards the curbstone of the educational and 'old-fashioned' that has so long swung the agricultural community.

Wearing further general dissertation upon "the first occupation of man," I will, in the conclusion of this already too lengthy letter, add a few special remarks. Your Grand University, as well as other similar institutions in all States of the Union, is doing a great work, and perhaps in the best manner possible under existing circumstances, yet I think there are some few objections to its system. But these I will leave to Brother Charlton to point out; except that I desire to say something about the ten or twelve acres which lie on the east and west of the "hill." It seems to me that by a moderate effort this land might be tastefully laid out into a garden, which, by yearly acc- reations, would soon offer one of the most useful and educational advantages of the school. As it is, this section of the "hill" is little depicting in value, and will only be for the almost fanciful scene of the annual horne's digging of the cedars, by which the labor- requiring law of the University is fulfilled. Now, every small fruit, ornamental shrub and flower of the climate should be found there, as well as all those which science and art have adopted into our botany: besides, connoisseurs great houses filled with an assortment of the rare and interesting plants and trees of the South and the tapis, should be added as fast as the means could be commanded for that purpose. The students of botany and general gardening would derive great benefit from such a garden, and would be willing, even eager, for a small share of the earnings, to do nearly all the labor neces- sary, after it has been successfully set on foot.

Then, too, this garden laid off and conducted in accordance with the highest and most advanced taste of the day in such matters, would cast a halo of refining influence over the whole body of students.

These latter thoughts are for the cultivation of the horticultural section of your Board, President and Faculty during the coming long winter nights. Hoping that they may be "seed sown in good ground," and that the Moroxx may flourish, I take great pleasure in subscrib- ing myself, Your friend,

Truly and respectfully,

S. N. E.

"NOBLENESS OBLOQUE.""}

In this age of wars which Carlyle pronounces so mechanical, the old spirit of noblesse oblige, too, has long since found its machine. A religion occupies its place, rational, but blindly superstitions. Few are to be met with who set up for themselves a tribunal, before which they try every act of their lives. All possess dogmatic rules which rely mainly upon opinion, more or less factual. Perhaps the result is the same, but different the motive; the stern old motto of noblesse oblige breathed such a spirit of staunch heroism, of quiet, unassuming loyalty. It was so self-contained, had no external re- lations, appealed only to itself. Utterly regardless of society and its conventions, it was a great, un- discovered even fanaticism in deeds of fearless daring. I do not exalt noblesse oblige in its narrow application to the, but in the broad, essential meaning of the words—what it made which forms all principles of social relation, from the highest to the lowest, in a code the unique, unique and the most sublime. Perhaps it never was a characteristic of any particular century. Only here and there in the past does its spirit appear. The chirality of which it was the motto may have been even a greater failure than history records. But its wisdom and lofty purity, shown in but fragments, have assured its place in the future with its wisdom, and the most democratic of men, remaining to the mind, can regard a code of men truly actuated by noblesse oblige with the utmost respect and the deepest admiration; that aristocracies have failed—race after race of princes have failed. This, all the result to show that loftiness of this ideal code. Its aspirations were so sternly self-scarring, so unthinkingly redolent. It appealed to the most utmost, highest, and bravest. The question often presents itself of whether a true, high sense of honor or a strong belief in the noblesse oblige exists in the moderns, and, of course, it is evident enough that a sense of honor proceeds from some innate—religious principle; but honor as a motive power in life differs as widely from Christianity as does Mahometanism or the ancient worship of the gods. Honor combines every principle of right and wrong, and in the belief in the noblesse oblige, or, for instance, of a man who will sacrifice, endowed with a determined, un- yielding individuality. The characteristic becomes in- volved. To return to the noblesse oblige of poetry and romance, of stately cavaliers and sword-fashing gal- lants. What bright success fiction brings up before us—heroic cavaliers engaged in deeds of reckless daring, brave gentlemen following their honor even to death, with a bearing ever courteous, kind and gentle. Who has not sympathised with noblesse oblige when thus presented? Who has not uttered a half wish that such a code our system were practicable? Poetry and fiction always lead to idealize and exalt every subject they treat; they depend upon this to inspire interest. But strive they ever so much, noblesse oblige stands above all exalt- ation, all idealism. The egoism of the system was the very highest. It made humanity symbolize divinity, worshipped selves devoutly, as a god; but wished, steadily and with a hesitation pointed out to his followers the highest, truer and greatest states of life. Selfishness had no place here—there was room alone for generosity, bravery and self-sacrifice. Lord Byron was that—true, that—true, that—true. The noblesse oblige of noblesse oblige was the coming rom of men as minus godlike. The principle as the bottom of their elevation is self-dependence, of their own admiration and respect for them. Noblesse oblige had more than reason. It was all the wisdom that the mind could conceive, all the generous courtesy that the heart could prompt. What an all-system is noble! Street children, street sav- iors succeed in living up to their creed—then in truth Bulwer's picture may be realized. H. B. S.

-Tate Literary Magazine.
in conclusion, we would say, let us encourage the talent now striving among us. We do not think that there is any true genius among southern writers. But that there are talents, and that, in a very high order, we freely admit; and furthermore, that talent cultivated with assiduity and perseverance, often accomplishes as much as genius. And when the writer sees who can combine, to a certain extent, the characteristics of Dickens and Thackeray—the ability to describe life in both classes of existence, with vividness and accuracy and nature painting of Scott, combined with the wild enthusiasm of Byron—painting Southern scenery as if it were—then we may expect a volume that will last as long as time itself, and forever remain a living monument of the patriotism of the people for their sunny South.

We may bring this subject again before our readers, but it will be in the form of sketches of individual writers, rather than general remarks, as these.

A CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

The editors of the Georgetown College Journal have been indulging in a lofty and long-continued flight of the imagination, in regard to the establishment of a National Catholic University, or rather that building up from the college at Georgetown of a magnificent university that will correct all the evils which they consider part and parcel of the systems pursued by the various universities throughout the country.

If the Journal, seems to think that our universities never had, and that the universities of the Old World have lost that "philosophical comprehensiveness, orderly expansiveness and elastic constructiveness" which they formerly possessed while under the control of the Catholic Church; and that they have "lost all this because they have lost the idea of unity. They cut off the head of a living thing and think it perfect all but the head."

We sincerely hope and firmly believe that such a mis-matched and deformed head as the Roman Catholic Church may never be placed on the shoulders of our universities, for we had rather wander on in the darkness and holiness forever than to be under the control of such a directing power. We had rather see the "majestic vision of the Middle Age, which grew steadily to perfection in the course of centuries, the University of Paris, or Bologna, or Oxford," go entirely out in night, than to see them perverted from their proper use and made the means of disseminating the false doctrines of the Romish Church that:

"Lead to bewilder and dazzle the blind."

But we have no fears that the vision of the editors of the Journal will ever be realized. Such a dream might have come true before the ideas of what a university should be had been materially changed, before Science had taken her proper place in the appreciation of the world and when men devoted their time and talents exclusively to the study of the many tenants of Greek and Latin.

When the Christian religion became incorporated into Roman paganism, the suppressing of this abominable union, the Roman Catholic Church, arrayed herself against the advancement of Science, and for centuries materially hindered its progress. But the forcible suppression of the schools of Alexander, the persecution of Galileo, the Inquisition, and other inquisitorial measures, were, in the end, taken to a man. In every conflict between Church and science, there has been no effervescence, Science has come out victorious. Neither the power of the Church nor any other power can supplant that desire to know the truth which the Creator has placed in the human heart. Toward the Christian Church, she can never again, through her educational institutions, wield any considerable influence. But leaving aside the subject matter of the editorial question, we can not but confess our admiration for the spirit which prompted its production. An enthusiastic love for Alma Mater, an earnest desire to see her outstripping all other colleges of the land, although it may lead young men to indulge illusive hopes and dreams of the imaginings, now, in the end, "bring forth good fruit."

We are indeed sorry to see, in looking over the books recently purchased for the College Library, some volumes that would more appropriately be placed in a collection for a school boy of ten years than in that of East Tennessee University. Prominent among these may be mentioned the "Speaker's Annual," and a number of others—books of oratory, dialogues, &c. What these books were bought for is what we have not been able to see. It is an almost universally admitted fact that books of select pieces, compiled for students, are, in nine cases out of ten, useless, so that now we have on hand some twelve or fifteen volumes of such books, a worse than dead loss, inasmuch as they will never be used, and further, that the money invested might have been much more profitably used for some other purpose.

We are glad to say that with the exception of the backs of the above named description, the selections are more than usually good. Many of the students being the sons of farmers, we are pleased to see as many books as are more entertaining back as the science of agriculture. This is one step, at least, in the direction of making the Institution one at which the science is taught in a manner befitting its importance.

The members of the Holston Conference of the M. E. Church, North, were present at Knox-parade Friday evening. After the parade was over, the Cadets were ordered out by a short but appropriate address from Bishop McCreary. Quite a large number of gentlemen and ladies from the city were also present. It is gratifying to the Cadets that their drilling attracts such large number of visitors.

The interest in bunting seems to have died out. None of the crews we had in college last year have re-organized. The crew of the 76 class seem to think it below the dignity of Seniors, and several members of the crews from the Sophomore and Preparatory classes did not return.

The first extra-duty squad of the season was organized this morning. We suppose that several have cataloged regularly, from the number of lines we heard their names called out.

The profits of the Monitors are divided equally between the two Societies, and the balance goes to the editors.

EXCHANGES.

One of the best of our religious exchanges is the Sunday Morning, published at Nashville, Tenn. It discusses the subject of Sunday school teaching in a manner, both entertaining and instructive, and illuminates what is, to most general readers, a dry and uninteresting subject.

The Original is an eight page monthly, devoted to the interests of the Knights of Castle. It is published at Milwaukee, Wis.

The Sunday Chronicle has a cut in a late issue of Gov. J. B. Porter. One would hardly recognize the likeness.

The Educational Journal, of Virginia, we always welcome. Its editors are evidently in earnest in their work, and what is more, know how to work, for the promotion of education. It is in magazine form and interesting.

The Southern Collegian gets excited because we suggest that "Byron" was a somewhat hackneyed subject for an article in a college paper. They need not take the advice which we gave them in our last if they do not want it.
LOCAL.

C. C. Mitchell.

The "Yeomen" of 70 have referred—Isolate Seniors.

The E. T. U. Dramatic Club is our latest organization,

"The early bird catches the worm." Bad for the early worm.

If the young ladies will come to our parades on Fridays, we'll go theirs on Sundays.

We admired the costumes of those rams at the Fair on account of their locks.

A mellowed laugh is like a handful of soft soap, the more you squeeze the harder it is to hold.

Why is a cambric needle like a tortuous path? Because it is hard to thread in the dark.

The River Side R. C. Club beat the City Club 50 to 14 in 6 innings; taking the prize bat and 12 balls.

When we get that cake which that young lady promised us, we'll give her a puff in return.

Murphy, when asked how he liked the Commandant, said: "Pretty well; but he don't stand familiarity. When I slapped him on the back he didn't seem to like it."

Company A has been discussing how she will spend her hundred dollars, for the greatest good to the greatest number. She is still undecided.

Backland may know his business, but when we advertise we want the men to guess our age and the women to lift us.

The song of our boarding-house butter: "Noses I am growing old; silver threads among the gold, shine upon my brow to-day."

What is the difference to a young lady in going to the fair and being escorted? One is getting into a base and being squeezed. The other is getting into a squeeze and being bashed.

A Chummie had his quince cut off and then got drunk. As he staggered down the street he exclaimed "He! Meeman me hunta eart short a drunk like a fool."

One of Knoxville's most erudite D. D.'s said that a certain young lady's smile looked just like a gardener's. How is that for a comparison! High.

John Robinson's big show performed in the city on Saturday. The editors of the Courser did not receive their complimentary tickets.

"We had a centripole thermometer once, but the baby broke and spilled all the zero out of it; so we ain't been able to tell whether the temperature is mean or good since."

"Sally" Whitman, has just found out what his little month was made for. So you would think if you read next door to him, and heard as much of his filing as we do.

Company A were jubilant last Sunday night on returning from supper to find a horse in the hall of their quarters. The old stager had gone in thinking it was a livery stable.

Is not that a pretty name at the head of this column? He modestly said he would subscribe for two copies if we would put his name at the head of this column. We have done it.

FAREWELL.

The following unique little gem is from the facile pen of one of Knoxville's best, yet a piece we think, subject (?) betimes. It reflects this moral lesson: Young man, mind how you breed—"The Suicide.—Frig."

One afternoon not long ago,
The sun was shining bright,
When up to the Common-horse,
There stood a dancing knight.

Two ladies fair upon the porch,
In graceful state assembled;
While one with mischief in her eye,
Was peeping through the blind.

The knight, a handsome one of course,
Dressed with becoming grace,
Where in, he shot a secret glance,
Pushed over the mischief's face.

For in the distance she espied
A lather, strict and stern.
Who turned the guy and chafing got
An angry glance betwixt.

"What brings you here, young man," he cried
"Oh, Sunday eve so late?
You know we have transgressed our law,
And now it's closed your face."

With blossoming face the ladies rallied From the disconsolate scene;
While mischief tossed with smiling eye At the knight's cross-fellows spleen.

She dared not show by word or look, The arrow true and great;
The sight of her nameless foe, Turned most meek, that lofty head.

He left and vowed, with vengeance deep, That he should never see
Mischief's house so easy enter, And most meek, that lofty head.

And on that path without the nameless foe, Turned most meek, that lofty head.

While so many of our friends grow mellow and merry, we feel like the apple that ripened and fell with the others, but lodged on a snag half way down to wrinkle and wither away unnoticed.

A new man has been looking in the tactics for the word "steady." He thought it meant to walk without staggering, till he came here where they use it when over they got mad.

On D. man to his Captain after he had taken them through quite a number of evolutions—"For the love of humanity, Cap'n, let us rest awhile; those hells all know that you are drilling us."

Extract from a new man's letter home—"They drilled me after supper, the day I got here, till ten o'clock that night. Then I had to stand guard till nearly daylight. It seems to me the Commandant isn't more than 17 years old."

A young man in town, who speaks from experience, says it takes fifty dollars to get married. If that is the case, there is no telling when the editors of the Courser will get off, as they have but twenty-five cents between them, not even enough to take one of them into the side-show of John Robinson's Circus.

The Fair is over and the brave are still living. After a long and tedious drill in the manual, the Cadets came off victorious, Mr. T. T. Ashford being declared the champion in the next morning's papers.

On B. hearing the news would have given three cheers, but he are all in what is known as the "going stage," except Harry Bridges and Tommy Watkins, which latter two cheered lustily and shrilly, while all the others goaded three times.

The Dickinsons and Zovars drilled excellently, but they were deficient in some of the minor points of the manual.

The Cadet who ran all the way up College Hill the other morning when he heard some one crying, "Fire! Fire!" was somewhat disappointed to find that it was only the Professor of Elocution giving his class some examples of the excited style.

As weavers here on the hill claim nothing as concerns variety and sweetness of tone in their music, they do claim and desire to secure by letter-patent, the remarkable distance through which they sing.

We have two married men in the school. Both are married. One in the Senior Class has three children, the oldest is 5 years old, and goes to the Bell House school. The other man is a Freshman. His wife and oldest boy, aged 4 months, are also at another school.

Prof. Lang has a dancing class of 45 on the hill, and seems to be master of his business. He is teaching several new figures in the square dances, all of which are the latest. At our next hop we intend to trip the impassable in the most approved style.

College Hours—Tumble out 3:30 a.m.; Bevillle 5:40 a.m.; Inspection 6 a.m.; Breakfast 7 a.m.; Chapel 8:30 a.m.; Dinner 11:15 p.m.; Recital to quarters 1:30 p.m.; Release from quarters 4 p.m.; Drill roll call 4:10 p.m.; Release from drill 5:15 p.m.; Supper 6 p.m.; Recall to quarters 7 p.m.; Ready for bed 9:30 p.m.; Lights out—tumble in—10 p.m.

It is very pleasant to be half way done with composition, due the next morning, to have the gas turned off at 10 p.m. We might have had a kerosene lamp, but were told to dispose of it under the hallucination that after dark we could use gas ad libitum.

When a man is aroused in love, it's wonderful how fast he grows. We have an instance in the second Lieutenant of a company. Two unattached in him till now he saw him decapitate a small kitten on the drill grounds with his sword some days since. He is perfectly licked with a sword.

PERSONAL.

Archie E. Beechnurville has left us. He has gone to Nashville, where he expects to retire to his home in Ohio. Archie's departure was universally regretted. He was the most popular of last year's graduates, and one of our warmest friends.

Mr. J. B. Cooker obtained the prize, offered at the Fair, for the best essay on "The Resources of Tennessee," written by a member of the Sophomore class. Success seems to attest all his undertakings of this character.

Rev. Dr. W. G. E. Cenyngham, for the last two years pastor of the Church Street M. E. Church, South, preached his farewell sermon on last Sunday evening: to a large and appreciative audience. The members of his church are left to part with him, for he has won all hearts by his Christian zeal and piety. We do not know where will be the field of his future labors.

Capt. A. J. Ricks, late of the Chronicle, has left Knoxville. He will practise law in Musselboro, Ohio. We wish him abundant success.

THE MYSTERY OF THE NEWSPAPER.

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The University Monthly.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER 25, 1875.

THE STUDY OF MIND.

The phenomena of man's nature are, in part, subjected to the laws of the external universe. As dependent upon a bodily organization, as actuated by sense properties and animal want, he belongs to matter, and in this respect he is a slave of necessity. But what man holds of matter does not make up his personality. They are his, not he; man is not an organism; he is an intelligence served by organs. Far in man there are tendencies—there is a law which consistently urges him to prove that he is more powerful than the nature by which he is surrounded and penetrated.

"Psychology teaches him to no longer wonder at the object—to be no more bewildered at the complications of the universe—but at the human intellect alone, in thought, in sensation and in action. Dr. Conant, my Dear Sir, and La Place was able to transcend the object, by science to terminate the miracle and to raise the heavens of industries. But even this, the only thing which our intellectual faculties are capable of achieving, would remain a future Hartley, Darwin or Comtian to succeed in displaying to us a mechanical system of the human mind, comprehensive, intelligible and satisfactory as the Newtonian mechanism of the heavens."

"In summing up these things which lie nearest to man's existence, we always find the phenomena of mind and soul pre-eminent, whether they be spontaneous or the result of volition. Whether they be studied for the sake of pleasure or of utility, they furnish on the one hand unbounded delights, on the other a lasting good.

"Until the soul has turned back upon itself and pondered deeply upon its own nature and activities, it has not yet the profound, nor held conception of a felicity. So man finds a living entertainment within this inquiring substance that tires not though all material impressions grow faint, rests not even when the sea succumbs in its deathlike repose; but wakeful, active and intangible—sleep does not close its buoyant pines; in the deep mazes of the dream it lies on through worlds and systems of its own creation, the same tiresome, durable and eternal mystery. Lo, the high perpetuation, volition array his serving force, yet his strong light can not intercept its course. Even when the ruthless suicide has torn it from its embracling clay, through the common laws of nature, it decides his pious attempt to be no more.

"The soul may not always make known its working to the body, yet we know when once it started: it moves on in an eternal chain, alike when we wake or slumber, in either case does it slight or leave one bond unsealed, yet all the powers of sense can not trace its intricate length and couple link to link, or tell where it goes, into what lands it wanders, what dark caverns it explores, what regions of light and shade it traverses. Again what intimates it draws, what unknown problems it resolves, what ages it lives, what immortality of space it visits in these electric moments, no waking mind can ever conjecture.

"Born cecil with its individual casket it dawns fine when expression lights the infant eye, and as the body grows and the senses expand, giving extension and development to the soul, both reach their highest power at once, to spend some few years in closest bond of lord and servant; then separate—one to perish and go back to the universal wreck of matter, the other to live on through eternity and travel over the realms of infinite space—to mingle with those spirits who know not the weight or weariness of material fetters, but exist in that unknowable state barred to conjecture and incomprehensible to the power of sense. When man finds a subject well suited for his contemplation, it turns back into the secret crevices of his own soul—from whence emanates this animating principle of the universe—and there to study its grandeur and subtle mystery."

"For some philosopher has aptly said: 'Our earth then is nothing great but man, man is nothing great but mind.' It is alone this all-pervading substance that gives expression to existence.

"The mind which we know so well, is ever at our hand as the instrument with which we execute our purposes and direct our acts. The soul within is as the well spring open at our door and spurting up as a torrent from which we draw our most satisfying joys and bitterest sorrows. Phenomena like these are the legitimate objects of scientific inquiries to which we are so powerfully impelled. That which is so near us at all times, which inflects itself upon our attention, even when we endeavor to exclude it, which sometimes the world wanders to which the man himself alone has access, but which is yet to him, more important than all the world with out, deserves to be studied and scientifically accounted for.

"Why the soul can start the soul be known; and it that acts upon a knowledge so desired we can not do.

"Here we are conscious no one presumes to certainly say: we are conscious no one will say. That we hope, that we remember, fear, like and dislike, all will bear witness; for these are the make-up of life—the incidents that lead case to being and vary the obligation in the physical life of the soul. Aside from the real beauty, the dignity of soul research is a study itself. We should look at its utility; for it is the universal science, without some knowledge of which no other is complete.

"But there is a tendency in man to gain knowledge, not by brain expenditure, but by the experience of others. Such a system is most eminently pernicious, both to individual minds and to the progress of nations. That mind is not educated which merely holds a long catalogue of facts, of which it can not give solution; but the one which were the better able, by the expenditure of its own energy, to derive those facts from the hidden sources after much searching and labor."

"Comparatively, it is no great effort to understand and commit an intricate problem—even through sense of Newton's most laborsome and abstruse demonstrations the common mind may easily find its way. But consider how much greater and nobler the mental expenditure, what hours above and what passion, if the mind be able to find the facts and give each its proper place in the system by which to conduct and form the results.

"It might be compared to the work of the civil engineer, who surveys and builds a railroad, and that of the passenger who rides over a cushioned seat drawn by the steam. The one has wrought a lasting benefit to the world—the other merely pleased himself. So it is that which deserves the most; and others may have gone over and learned everything yet recorded in the catalogue of demonstrated fact, while it labored hard and long to open one seemingly small road or add one established truth to the list. Yet, when it is done; when it has thrown itself upon its own resources and powers and truly created something new, should it not be held the educated mind rather than the one which merely adds this hard bought treasure to its store?

"Had there been no creative minds for each all minds are which show us an object or hidden principle of law by the expenditure of their own energy—had there been no such man, we know where now would be that fine sights, and their endless text? Such minds alone expand by their own exertion; and mental energy so excited never again repose in perfect sleep. It may, for all time, lie unawoken, but when circumstance necessitates, again will memory bring it forth unimpeded. Every discovery, every exposition so made adds hitherto to the sum total of human acquirements; the long ages of which have witnessed these successive, and under the various forms of human civilization—a relative term which will not characterize our age after a few more generations with their progress and attainments.

"The self-knowledge which the study of psychology fosters, to which it insensibly trains, is the one instrumentality by which we learn to understand our fellowmen. The sleep and searching look by which one can see through another, and reads the secret which he is unwilling to confess, is attained only by the fine and subtle analysis of one's self. And hence we ought not to omit the peculiar graces and charm which is imparted to the character by that moral reflection which is the natural result of self acquaintance. To learn to put ourselves in the condition of others by imagining what would be our expectations and what our feelings were in their places, not only disciplines and guides to that common justice which the laws enjoin, and to that unselfish morality which the Golden Rule prescribes, but it is the secret of that considerate sympathy and refined conduct which live with a peculiar attractiveness a few superior natures. It is this process that we learn to clothe the severe form of allegiance to duty with the graceful robe of sympathetic and divine charity."

EXTRACTS FROM MASSAPAN:

"Detraction's bold monster, and fears not To wound the fame of princes, if it find But any blessing in their lives to work on."

"Friendship is raised on sand, Which every sudden gust of discontent, Or dawning of our passions, can change, As if it never had been."

"To injure innocence is more than murder: But when falsehood last transforms us, then As boons we are to suffer, not like men To be lamented."

"The glory got By overbearing outward enemies."

"Since strength and fortune are main shares in it, We can not, but by pieces, call our own As much as we can, and that our intestine foes, Our passions bred within, and hate the most The most rebellious tyrant, powerful love, Our reason suffering to like no longer Than the fair object, being good, deserves it, That's a true victory!"

"If to receive a favor makes a servant, And benefits are bould to be the taker To the impurities of will give up, There's none but slaves will receive courteous."

"How just soever Our reasons are to remedy our wrongs, We are yet to leave them to their authority."

"'White Adam slept, God from him took A bone; and, as a crown, He made it like a serpent look, And then created woman."

"He took this bone from not his pate, To show his power more great: Nor from his feet, to designate That he on our right triumph; But 'twas from his side, as if He always should protect her."

"And near his heart, to let him know, How much he should respect her."

"He took this bone, creased enough, Most crooked of this human element, To show him how much crooked stuff He'd always find in woman."
An experienced advocate more than in any other department of letters. Parents, guardians and teachers should look to it, that those committed to their charge are not exposed to this dangerous poison. They should put into their hands books of travel, histories, biographies and poetry, and those, too, of undeniable morality. And when the parents, or guardians, observe the fine results the good influence of those who yearly go down to their graves from disappointed lives, and who can trace all their misery to the false and absurd notions of life imbued by reading such "fancied trash," would "shun the rock on which they have split." Therefore, the advice of some experienced friends in whom you can trust, and read rare and instructive books.

[Written for the University Monthly]

**THE RIVER**

From thy teakly, fancy fountain,
Springing, springing, rolling, rolling,
Murmuring among thy many mountains;
Laughing, laughing, rushing, hoping,
Drowned thy beautiful bashful taming.

Spun, in spray and splendid overflowing
Round and round in rippling swelling
Gleaming, gleaming, glittering gleaming:
Wandering, wandering, rolling, rolling
Moving mournfully in motion.

Far and forever flowing
Over the mountain, through the glen
Frisking through the heather, brown
Through the hedge, through the thicket, brown
Green, blue and purple, brown
Through the dale, through the glen
Round and rolling around and round

Round and round in rippling swirling
Gleaming, gleaming, glittering gleaming:
Wandering, wandering, rolling, rolling
Moving mournfully in motion.

Far and forever flowing
Over the mountain, through the glen
Frisking through the heather, brown
Through the hedge, through the thicket, brown
Green, blue and purple, brown

University Education in Tennessee

A great expansion of the higher intellectural culture is now occurring in our State. Six universities are, or soon will be, established within its borders. There are the Vanderbilt at Nashville, the Southern at Sewanee, the Southwestern at Clarksville, the Cumberland at Lebanon, the Baptist at Jackson, and the State University at Knoxville.

All this is certainly worthy of note, and the more so when we consider that five of them are founded by as many native denominations of Christians, not as local institutions, but for the purpose of meeting the wants of large sections of the country embraced by these churches. The Vanderbilt is the University of the Methodists in the State of Tennessee; the Southern, the Baptist; the Southwestern the Cumberland; the Baptist in the same section; the one at Sewanee, the Episcopal Church in the Southern States; that at Clarksville, the Presbyterian in the Southwest; the Cumberland University is the fountain head of the Oriental Presbyterian denomination. As yet they are but colleges, but we trust the efforts of friends will transform them into genuine universities.
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